

THE
Critical Minute:
A
P O E M
OF THE
EPICK Kind.
In Two BOOKS.

Inscrib'd to the Reverend Dr. S.

By MICHAEL TRACEY, Gent.

*Ego nullum puto tam magnum tormentum
esse, quam continere. Petronius.*

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THE Third Edition of *The Invention of the MOHOCK*, in Imitation of the Fable of *The Birth of ADONIS* : Inscríb'd to R----- R-----, Esq;

*And Maids, turn'd Bottles, call aloud
for Corks.* POPE.

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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

1918





THE
Critical Minute:
A
POEM, &c.



IN antient Times, a Prince of matchless Fame
Hibernia rul'd, and *Terlough* was his Name;
A Queen he had, wise, prudent chaste, and
fair,

And one bright Daughter, who to both was
dear :

Of her I sing, to her my Strains belong;
Descend, ye Virgin-Choir, and aid my Song.

O Thou! what e'er may thy Attention draw;
Priest, Pedant, *Punfoby*, et cetera,
Whether you chuse ——— solemn Air,
Or sit and doze in *Busby's* easy Chair,
Or praise yourself, or villify Mankind,
Or what the Head may want, lash in behind :
Tho' mean my Verse, yet be thy Spleen with-held;
Grieve not, my *Tom*, to see thy own excell'd,

Terlough

Terlough, whose Youth in warlike Deeds was pass'd,
 At length beheld his State from Foes releas'd ;
 Peace o'er the Land her downy Wings had spread,
 And Iron *Discord* to far Climes was fled,
 Then bid the Trumpet's brazen Clangour cease,
 And the toil'd Soldier know the Sweets of Peace.
 But, As when growling Thunder roars on high,
 And Man beholds impending Vengeance nigh,
 Fearful and trembling, they revere the God,
 And with fat Off'rings deprecate his Rod ;
 But when the Skies a milder Aspect wear,
 Again embolden'd, they deride their Fear,
 Again from Crime to Crime they boldly rove,
 And ev'ry *Dastard* is himself a *Jove*.

So when great *Terlough's* Strength to Years gave way,
 He sought to govern by a milder Sway,
 To end his Days, discharg'd from Toils of Strife,
 And calmly finish his laborious Life.
 But soon dire Faction rear'd its stubborn Head,
 Faction, a Weed from Sloth and Fulness fed !
 O'er all the Land its curs'd Contagion spread.
 Sudden the Croud with Madness it inflam'd,
 Of Pensions, Taxes, *Hessians*, they exclaim'd ;
 Redress of Grievance was their specious Claim,
 But all from Faction's pois'nous Influence came.

This from the Hoop, the Lion or the Bear,
 Forth reeling sallies the advent'rous Heir,
 His Sword 'gainst midnight Magistrates he draws,
 And bravely risks his Skull in Humour's Cause :
 Boasts Valour, Courage, Honour urg'd him on,
 Which 'Rack or Claret's pow'ful Fumes had done.

And now, *Hibernia*, rent by Tumult, groan'd,
 Faction prevail'd, and *Terlough* was dethron'd.
 Condemn'd, in distant Exile, to deplore
 His ruin'd State, a Monarch now no more.
 His Queen and Daughter, Partners of his Grief,
 In forlorn Banishment his sole Relief,
 Pursued his irksome Steps : They sought with kind
 And soothing Blandishments to ease his Mind ;

But all in vain ! for soon, by Grief oppress,
 The Hour approach'd that brought him endless Rest :
 Which when he found, thus to his Queen he said ;
 O worthiest, dearest, Partner of my Bed,
 Thou whom indulgent Heav'n on me bestows,
 Crown of my Glory, Sharer of my Woes,
 O Try'd in every various Scene of Life,
 My ever dearest, truest, faithful Wife ;
 True to this abject Exile thou art found,
 As when thy Hand my conquering Temples crown'd :
 And judge, ye Powers ! how dear thou art to me,
 More, than whole Empires lost, I find in thee ;
 And Oh ! be witness, Fate, that claims my Breath,
 To part with thee's the sharpest Stroke of Death.
 For know, this Hour must all my Sorrows cease,
 And a few Moments hence I sink to Peace.
 Yet e'er I go, my last Commands revere,
 Be our lov'd Daughter thy peculiar Care ;
 Tho' weak thy Aid, yet be it not deny'd,
 She'll find a Father's Loss in thee supply'd ;
 Injurious Fate, that robb'd me of my Crown,
 May on our Daughter's Youth forbear to frown,
 And after many Woes and Troubles past,
 May fix her on her native Throne at last ;
 This grant, kind Heaven, to a Father's Prayers !
 Be she restor'd, and I absolve my Stars !
 Yet long, perhaps, this Boon may be deny'd,
 And she with various Ills and Sorrows try'd ;
 Therefore *this Gift* her dying Father sends,
 And, as of try'd and special Use, commends,
 Charge her to keep it, and my Words to heed,
 Never to use it, but in utmost Need,
 When most distress'd, its pow'rful Aid to try,
 She'll find it sudden Comfort will supply.

He said : Death's frozen Hand his Eye-lids close,
 And sent great *Terlough* to his long Repose.

End of the First BOOK.



B O O K II.

THUS far the Muse her daring Pinions tries,
 And to Heroick Themes essays to rise;
 Preluding thus, whilst her sublimer Strains,
 To hail great *Dorset's* coming, she retains.
 O *Dorset*, long-desir'd! at length appear,
 Come! and *Hibernia's* drooping Muses cheer:
 At thy long-wish'd Approach, behold for thee,
 Wide stretch our Ports, and gently Weaves the Sea,
 Soft breath the Winds! Behold the crowded Strand,
 With shining Ranks, to welcome thee to Land.
 For thee *Hibernian* Bards their Voice shall raise,
 And ev'ry vocal Grove resound thy Praise;
 To sing of thee each ready Muse inclines,
 And Lawrels spring where ever *Dorset* shines.

Mean while proceed——Now *Terlough* laid to Rest,
 The Queen thus to the Nymph her Charge exprest;
 O Daughter, now our Sorrows are compleat,
 This last severest Stroke of cruel Fate!
 An Orphan thou, and wretched Widow I,
 Where shall we friendless, helpless Exiles fly!
 Were not enough of Woes already given,
 From State and Empire to sad Exile driven?
 Condemn'd in Wilds our banish'd Lives to lead,
 Now lonely, comfortless, depriv'd of Aid.
 Had *Terlough* liv'd, his Fortitude had fir'd
 Our failing Strength, and with new Hope inspir'd;
 But now he's gone, who shall our Spirits raise?
 Or give the least faint Hope of better Days?
 Yet he, with dying Breath, some Comfort gave,
 And said: —— Tho' now I hasten to the Grave,
 Injurious Fate, that robb'd me of my Crown,
 May on our Daughter's Youth forbear to frown,
 And after many Ills and Troubles past,
 May fix her on her native Throne at last;

And

And left thee *This*, and charg'd me to take heed
 Never to use it, but in utmost Need,
 When most distressed, its pow'rful Aid to try,
 You'll find it sudden Comfort will supply,
 This said, his mounting Spirit upward flies,
 And, swiftly soaring, sought his native Skies.

She ceas'd and wept; the Princess, from her Hand,
 Receiv'd the Gift, revering the Command,
 Resolv'd her Father's dying Words to heed,
 Never to use it, but in utmost Need.

Mean while, the bright Assembly of the Gods
 Conven'd to Council in the blest Abodes,
 Beheld and pity'd the distressed State
 Of the sad widow'd Queen, and mourn'd her Fate;
 But most the Princess, at her Grievs they melt,
 And Sorrow, such as Gods can feel, they felt.
 Then she, whose Charms th' immortal Minds dispose,
 To tender Love and soft Desires arose;
 For long *Hibernia's* happy Isle had been
 The chief Delight and Care of Beauty's Queen;
 Forfaking *Paphos*, and the *Cyprian* Court,
 Here dwell the Graces, here the Loves resort,
 Here dwell the Smiles, and here the young Desires,
 Soft Wishes, pleasing Cares, and tender Fires:
 The Goddesses here each Breast with Bliss supplies,
 And rules with Power supreme in beauteous *L—y's* Eyes.
 She rose; soft Transport fill'd each heav'nly Breast,
 Whilst thus the smiling Queen her Mind express'd:

Enough, ye Powers! your Rigour has been try'd,
 No longer be your wish'd-for Aid deny'd,
 Let lovely *Oonah* be again your Care,
 And bend propitious to her Father's Pray'r.
 She ceas'd; her never-failing Charms prevail'd;
 The vanquish'd Pow'rs their Approbation yield.

And now auspicious Fortune turn'd the Scale,
 Justice and Loyalty again prevail;
 Th' according Pow'rs their ready Aid afford,
 And glad *Hibernia* sees her Queen restor'd.

Triumph

Triumph and Joy sat smiling in each Face,
 And hail'd the Promise of returning Peace :
 But yet remain'd their Triumph to compleat,
 T' invest fair *Oonah* in her Regal State ;
 Which finish'd, the assembled Nobles haste
 T' attend the Queen, and share the Royal Feast.

High on a Throne was set the lovely Queen,
 Next her in State was her great Mother seen ;
 Ladies and Lords the sumptuous Banquet grac'd,
 By skilful Heralds in just Order plac'd :
 Nor was there wanting there of ev'ry Kind,
 To please the Taste, and elevate the Mind ;
 Frequent the flowing Goblet pass'd around,
 Health to the Queen ! the flowing Goblet crown'd.

Daughters of *Jove* ! Ye sacred Nine inspire
 Your Poet's Breast with your Celestial Fire !
 And while th' amazing Turns of Fate I sing,
 Drain to the Bottom your *Pietian* Spring.
 For now whilst all were jovial, free and gay,
 And the glad Moments lightly slid away ;
 Then sudden, strange to tell, they all amaz'd,
 Beheld their Queen with strange Convulsions seiz'd ;
 Sharp Pangs she felt, and in fierce Anguish tost,
 Her sparkling Eyes their radiant Lustre lost ;
 From her fair Cheeks the blushing Roses fled,
 She drooping in a moment fell as dead.
 Distracted, all, astonish'd and amazed,
 Each at the other in Confusion gaz'd,
 Nor knew what Help to give : ——— Not so her kind
 And prudent Mother ; ——— She recalls to mind
 The Father's Gift ; and thus the *Minute* seem'd
 When dire Distress its quick Assistance call'd.
 This was the *Minute*, so the Fates had will'd
 To have its boasted Virtues all fulfill'd :
 Of Metal rich it was, a copious Vase,
 Whose curious Form proclaim'd the Workman's Praise ;
 This she applies ; when, wond'rous to relate,
 The Queen again resumes her former State ;
 Upright she sits, a brinny Torrent flows
 Spontaneous forth, and instant Ease bestows.